

Bills of Romance From Four Quarters of the Globe.

Another Phase in the Work of This Most Versatile of Writers

"Those boys aren't getting proper consideration," she said. "If it was dogs," she said, "they couldn't be treated worse. William, I'm going to see what one old woman can do."

"I didn't have a chance to come back," said long sundown, but, my stars! even in that time there had been a change. Benny's mother had been getting in her deadly work, and the orderlies were bursting mad, not that any of them dared say anything and get into the long line in their faces, which were that long; for, you see, the contract surgeon had taken her side and had backed her up. But they moved around like mules, with their ears down, powerfully unwilling and grudgingly obedient word. The hospital had been made a new place, with another tent up that had been laid away and forgotten (you wouldn't think it possible, but it was), and the sick and wounded had been sorted over and were being sent to the main hospital, where before there was no room; to turn around, you could walk through wide lanes and wonder what had become of the crowd. She had peeked into the cooking, too, and found more things going wrong in five minutes than she could count. The men had in five months. Blessed if there wasn't a court-martial laying for every one of the orderlies if they said 'boo' for the swine had been making away scandalous with butter and sugar, and the boys were getting no eatable peaches and sparrowgrass and sardines and all the like of that, belly-robbing the boys right and left perfectly awful."

This sounds like reminiscences of the early days of World War I in army hospitals. (New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.)

THE FIVE NATIONS," the latest collection of the poems of Rudyard Kipling, has aroused comments many and diverse, which, by the way, is not one of the things Kipling has written from the first. It is also curious that, with the possible exception of the "Jungle Books," every one of his books has been dubbed a proof of his deteriorating powers, and that the criticism holds at least as well as its predecessors. Now, either some of the critics are mistaken, or the popular taste is deteriorating at least as fast as Mr. Kipling.

It may be worth while to analyze this phenomenon, and, if possible, discover a cause for it. In the first place, it must be admitted that no one living today has done good work in as many fields as has Kipling, and he is not yet an old man. His extraordinary versatility made it necessary for nearly every one of his important books to be so entirely different from its predecessors that those who liked his former work could not at once readjust their taste. When "The Five Nations" appeared, seven years ago, it was said that that collection was far inferior to "Barrack Room Ballads," but poems from "The Seven Seas" are now quoted by the critics as the highest quality of his poetry. It can be proved his deterioration in later lyrics. The deduction from this seems to be that it takes time to learn to appreciate Kipling.

In "The Five Nations" he has followed his old method and come out in a new place. The book is full of political poems—things such as no Englishman has written before. "The Bigelow Papers" are the only things in American

Regarding the desirability of British supremacy as opposed to Russian, the spectacle of the most civilized man of the lettered world fighting this fight for the glory of the empire is rather impressive. There has been nothing like it before in the history of English literature.

There is an explanation of this purpose in the "Dedication," one verse of which runs as follows:

"Ere rivers league against the land  
In prayer of flood,  
Ye know what waters slip and stand  
Where freedom water stood,  
Yet hills who note,  
Till fields aloft  
And waste carcass and the returning  
well  
Trumpet what these poor heralds strove

Little impression these verses may make on the casual reader. Yet twenty years hence, if England's prestige is gone and Russia, unquestioned mistress of the Orient, comes into direct contact with our own interests, will not the learned and the diplomatists of the "Truce of the Bear," own that there was reason for his warning?

Have we not already proved the truth of "The White Man's Burden"? Are not our governors in the Philippines coming to realize its meaning, and do we not already hear the scarcely disguised argument that it would be less trouble to let the islands govern themselves? Four years has made intelligible the stanza:

"Take up the White Man's Burden—  
Ye dare not stoop to less  
Nor call too loud on Freedom  
To cloak your weakness;  
By all ye cry and yell  
By all ye have to do,  
The silent, sullen peoples  
Shall lift their vile hands  
And pluck your calumny and you."

Other poems, with a certain hidden

And the day is dead at his breaking  
Sirs, it is bitter beneath the Bear!  
\* \* \* \* \*

"We shall go back by boileless doors  
To the life unaltered our childhood  
knew—  
To the naked feet on the cool, dark  
floors,  
And the high-celled rooms that the  
Trade blows through.

"To the trumpet flowers and the moon  
beyond,  
And the tree toad's chorus drowning  
all—  
And the lisp of the split banana-frond  
That talked us to sleep when we were  
small.

"The wayside magic, the threshold  
spells,  
Shall soon undo what the North has  
done—  
Because of the sights and the sounds  
and the smells  
That ran with our youth in the eye of  
some.

"The Explorer" is another musical  
descriptive and narrative poem, of the  
sort in which a man's life is mirrored  
in seven or eight pages. It is really a  
condensed biography like "The Mary Gloster."  
It is the story hinted in "The  
Song of the English" the story of those  
who "yearned beyond the sky-line where  
the strange roads go down." Scattered  
verses of the story are as follows:

"I remember lighting fires; I remember  
sitting by them;  
I remember seeing faces, hearing  
voices, through the smoke;  
I remember they were fancy-foes I threw  
a stone to try 'em;  
'Something lost behind the ranges,  
Was the only word they spoke.

"Up along the hostile mountains, where  
the snow-slide slides  
Down and through the big, fat marshes  
that the virgin ore-bed stains,  
The

"**D**R. LAVENDAR'S PEOPLE," by Margaret Deland, will be a lump of pure delight to those who have a foretaste known and loved Old Chester, the scene of nearly all Mrs. Deland's fiction. It is a group of half a dozen stories of a dowry, sweet and simple, of a marriage, where Mrs. Deland and Mrs. Barkley made public opinion, and the gentle maiden ladies and busy men obeyed it, and the few foreign souls (foreign by temperament, not by birth) outraged it now and then; where Alicia Drayton, a lawyer and a husband, and Helen Ward and Sidney Lee might have grown to womanhood, sweet and stately as day lilies in an old-fashioned garden. In fact, if there is any one thing which is more like Old Chester than an old-fashioned mansion in which every room has its history and the garret set is full of letters and journals of antebellum days.

Among the people of Old Chester, Dr. Lavendar is perhaps most lovable of all. The old rector, dozing over his snuff, petting his little Danny, exploding over some injustice or chuckling over some joke, all the more delectable because his hearer does not understand moves through most of the "Old Chester Tales," a rugged, kindly, frantically good-natured old fellow, with occasional references to his "children"—middle-aged children some of his flock are, too—are part of the place. Many readers of the former book wished they might have seen more of him. In this book he is mixed up even more intimately with the doings of the old church.

"The Grasshopper and the Ant" is perhaps the best of this collection, though "The Reverend Mr. Spangler" and "Amelia" are both good, and "The

made self-supporting by a catastrophe. Grief, or even merely some uncomfortable surgery in regard to their bank account, may give them a poor kind of interest; but too often they exist miserably—sometimes, with every wish gratified—helpless and poor.

Above the manufacturing class comes the aristocracy to which Miss Lydia Sampson belonged. The class which is positively rolling in wealth. Every morning these favored creatures arise at a season for the day. You hear them singing before breakfast, at the table they are full of eager questions. Is it going to rain? No, it is a fair day; delightful—for it might have rained. And the sun will bring up the crocuses. And this is the day a neighbor was to come to tea. How pleasant! When will she come back? How pleasant that the day is pleasant! And it will be good for the sick people, too. And the moment the eager, simple mind turns to its fellows, sick or well, the field of interest is enlarged to the masses of souls. To sorrow in the sorrows of Tom and Dick and Harry and their wives, to rejoice in their joys—what is better than that. And then, all one's own affairs are so vital; the record of the stages of one's journey, the expectation of turning or not turning an alpacas skirt, the working out of a game of solitaire—these things are absorbing experiences.

"No wonder we who are poor, or even who do not work hard at philosophy or art or responsibility to manufacture our little interests—no wonder we envy such sky-blue natures. Certainly there were persons in Old Chester who envied Miss Lydia; at least, they envied her brilliant young person, but they never envied her empty purse. Which was like envying a rose its color, but despising the earth from which, by

### A Squalid Romance.

**A Moral Novel.**  
 "The Beaten Path," by Richard L. Makin, is that sort of story which begins with human nature and ends with a moral. The moral in this case begins to crop out at about the tenth chapter.  
 The hero of the book, Owen Thallon, comes to a young, aspiring, twentysix-year-old, unmarried, and unmarried secretary to Ashton Levenson, factory owner by inheritance, man-about-town by profession, and scamp by choice. We all know that there are men who seem to have been born without respectability, and that is where they occupy the stage center of a novel, and never get out of the lime light for even a few pages; they are neither pretty nor edifying. Levenson is not, but he is almost the only one of the natural born scamps of the doctor's family being possibly exceptions.  
 A book which is interesting may be forgiven for being polemical—even a book with a moral purpose may be forgiven for being too much interested in swamped by the sermon, without the sermon amounting to much after all. The last page leaves the reader in some doubt as to what Mr. Makin intended to teach. (New York: The Macmillan

A Moral Novel.

anders" with the same half of his mind. The former is a pure lyric, the latter for the most part a political pamphlet couched, for greater effect, in the form of a poem.

But some one says verse is not the proper form for political tracts. You cannot make a spoon without spoiling a horn, and a perfect poem cannot also teach a lesson. Perhaps not, though I have seen some of the best of our war performing that miracle; but suppose it was not Kipling's intention to sacrifice sense to poetry? Suppose he merely desired to use his rhymes to edge his moral? Has he not done it? Would anybody have suspected that the political pamphlet, if he had written one, as people remember and quote "The Islanders," "The Lesson," "The White Man's Burden"? Has he not been hammering for years at the need for a drilled army, a high quality of leadership, a strong second best, for colonial government, at the danger in which English indifference and conservatism place English prestige, and did anybody except the Kipling enthusiasts ever know that?

But if it is not the proper form of verse? A strong political poem bears the same relation to a pamphlet that a charge of dynamite does to a navy with

some imperial problems, and they all hit hard. It may be true that this book is inferior to its predecessors, but consider, did Tennyson or Browning offer more than a dozen good bits of work in a volume of similar size? This is a book that even in the Barrack Room Ballads," so the critics said.

It is hardly likely, however, that Mr. Kipling will ever again write as many notable lyrics as have already come from his pen. The book is a masterpiece in good and unexplained law of literary production. It is rare indeed for any poet to select the lyrical form for his last thought after he reaches the age of forty. In youth it is natural to write in the lyrical form, and the freshness and intense vitality of the young man impel him to this form of expression. There are hundreds of lyrics in the literature of the world, written by young men who either never wrote any more, or whose best work was in this form for their inspirations in later years. It is almost an established rule that the novelist blossoms out of the poet; at any rate, the poet who first won fame as a novelist and then took to writing lyrics, as, for example, Keats. Therefore it is only fair to suppose that this

By my own old marks and bearings they  
 will show me how to get there.  
 By the lonely cairns I bulldozed they will  
 guide my feet aright."

"Have I named one single ryer? H—  
 I claimed one single acre!"  
 Have I kept one single nugget?  
 I'm sturring as fast as I can.  
 Because my price was paid ten times  
 over by my Maker.  
 But you don't understand it. You  
 go up and occupy."

And there is a little simple song of  
 love for the Sussex country, which some  
 English critic abuses as showing patron-  
 izing spirit. Perhaps it does. Here are  
 two verses:

"We have no waters to delight  
 Our broad and fertile meadows,  
 Only the dew pond on the height  
 Unfed, that never fails,  
 Which only to the watercress tells  
 Which way the season flies—  
 Only our close bit thyme that smells  
 Like Dawn in Paradise."

"Here through the strong, unhampered  
 The tinkling silence thrills;  
 On little lost Down churches praise  
 The Lord who made the valley,  
 But here the old gods guard their round  
 And, in her secret heart,  
 The earth her life-giving gift found."

alien standards. But this is Mrs. De laan's view of the matter, and it does not exactly indicate poverty of ideas. "No one who has an interest in poor and Miss Lydia had a hundred interests. A hundred? She has as many interests as there are people in the world or joys and sorrows in Old Chester; so she was really very rich. Or, compared to these different degrees of sort of wealth; there are folk who have to manufacture their interests; with deliberation they are philanthropic or artistic or intellectual, or even, if hard put to it, they are amused. Such persons may be said to be in fairly comfortable circumstances, although they live anxiously and rather meagerly, because they know well that when inter-*est* gives out they are practically without the means to support their interests. These manufacturing creatures who do not care vitally for anything and who are without the spiritual muscle to manufacture interest. These pathetic folk are occasionally

colorless theologian of the curate type. Instead the rector of this country village was a man of heart and soul and insight, and he loved his people with that abiding love known to those who are greater than their neighbors. Hence he treated his people as a skillful old gardener treats a well-known garden, humoring some plants, pruning others, recognizing the relative values of sun and shadow, never expecting figs of stock raised in poor soil, and, briefly, conducting affairs more by rule of thumb than by any hard and fast scientific method.

Dr. Lavendar is no reformer; yet there is one lesson which he may be said to teach those who read, and it is that to be good is to be good in the real world, the habit which some good people have of laying down general rules and judging their neighbors by them, is sometimes mischievous. Why, Dr. Lavendar would say, did the Lord give us intuition if it wasn't to be used? (New York: Harper & Bros.)

## Work in the Tenements.

**A Child's Story by Page.**  
Thomas Nelson Page's charming little story, "Two Prisoners," has been issued in a new edition, with illustrations in color, by Virginia Keep. The heroine of the story is Molly, a little crippled girl, who lives in a tenement in a Southern city, and from her window watches Mildred, a more fortunate child, of about the same age as she plays about her home.

Through Molly's compassion for a lame puppy and a caged mocking bird she and Mildred become acquainted, and Molly finds her mother, from whom she

A Child's Story by Page.

cal poems overshadow the pure lyrics in this book shows how strong they are. So does the undeniable fact that they have been quoted in nearly every discussion of international politics since they appeared.

“The whole idiocy of that policy which sent untrained and inexperienced British infantry to South Africa to fight mounted Boer sharpshooters might have been played in a forty-page magazine article, without the effect of that couplet of stanzas:

“We have sent two hundred million pounds to prove the fact once more,  
That horses are quicker than men afoot,

time goes on Mr. Kipling's work will take other forms than that of lyric poetry. He may turn to the drama, as did Tennyson, Browning, and Shakespeare, all lyric poets of fame in their youth. There are indications in some of his histories—and his early surroundings favor the prediction—that he will sometime write a novel dealing with the subject from quite a new point of view. It is a small thing that will excite curiosity, and of his early achievements in lyric verse, or that he will write much more of it, save perhaps, at some especial inspiration. The problems which appeal to the imaginations of a man of forty are dramatic, unbiographical, and

If this be patronage, make the most  
of it. A poem which is clearly the re-  
sult of the author's South African ex-  
periences is "Bridge Guard in the  
Karoo," which runs in part as fol-  
lows:

"Suddenly the desert changes,  
The raw glare softens and clings,  
Till the aching Outdoorn ranges  
Stand up like the throne of Kings.

"Ramparts of slaughter and peril-  
blazing, amazing, aglow,  
Twixt the sky-lines belting beryl  
And the wine dark flats below.

\* \* \*

—Edmund Spenser

E. Young, is a love story plucked from a new field—the Ozark Mountains of Missouri—and entertaining. It is fresh, breezy and entertaining.

Sally Madeira is the name of the heroine, and it would have been a very good name for the book. She is a characteristic flower of her time and place, refined a little by cultivation at Vassar, and her loyalty to and comradeship with her father is one of the prettiest things in the story. Crittenton Madeira is neither the common type of fiction father nor the ordinary Southern gentleman whom dozens of Southern novelists have

warmblooded and generous in the man, despite his utter lack of scruple. Refined in the feminine shape of his daughter, in whom his bluster becomes fragrant, the rich man and the gypsy-like boy, this combination of qualities becomes delightful, as the daughters of such men are apt to be.

Steering, the hero, is a New York man, and a good enough fellow to win one's sympathy. The minor characters, such as the rich man and a gypsy-like boy, are capital foils to the principals, and the story moves along with a free and irresponsible naturalness rather rare in fiction. The chapters describing the

Juvenile Fiction.

touching little story, delightfully told with all those inimitable touches by which Mr. Page so well reproduces the Southern atmosphere. To read it is to spend time with one of those Southern families beloved of their children, and its popularity south of Mason and Dixon's line should be unquestioned. However, children North and South will certainly enjoy it for its charm of style and sympathetic realism. Mr. Page has done few better things. (The York, R. H. Russell.)

### Sargent and His Work.

of danger on the Russian side; pointing out the peril of unprepared sloth, the need of drill and discipline and sense of duty. He came back as "The Galley Slave," he was writing of possible danger from the Slav. In "The Seven Seas" he wrote of the need—

"In the day of Armageddon, the last great fight of all,  
That Our House stand together and the  
Whatevers may befall."

Whatever may be one's notions re-

**The November "Bookman."**

"The Bookman" for November contains rather more bright things than usual, which is a high compliment to the magazine, and is especially to be found in its pages. The lion's share of the anecdote being of Stewart Edward White, who is said to have passed

of the longer poems, while the shorter meters are seldom found.

Yet there are good examples of the pure thought and the political verses as so new to literature as to make for the stronger impression. There is a return of the tropic-born to India and which runs in this wise:

"When the darkened Fifes dip to the North,  
And frost and the fog divide the air

Impressions made by them upon one of the craft is that here is one more proof that when a literary magazine, or a literary man, or a magazine or author of the common or garden species, wants a perfectly safe subject to discuss, some little imp is at hand to suggest: "Yes, but what about the new newspaper nuts?" An inviolated defense of King

The leading article in "Living" for November is "The Golf Linz of Paris" by Vance Thompson. Stanley Waterloo writes of "An Old-Time Michigan Squelch Shoot," and those who have read his Michigan novel are aware that he knows whereof he speaks. A new series

THE STORY OF RAPID TRANSIT. Beckley  
William. New York: D. Appleton & Co.  
MONEY AND CREDIT. Wilbur Aldrich.  
New York: The Grattan Press.  
THE LIFE OF JOHN THOMAS JEFFER-  
SON. Thomas E. Watson. New York: D.  
Appleton & Co.  
THE ALPHABET OF RHETORIC. Rosin-  
Johnson. New York: D. Appleton & Co.  
THE FIVE NATIONS. Eugene Kipling. New  
York: Doubleday, Page & Co.  
THE PINN GRAY. H. M. Smith. Hall. Bos-  
ton: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
MEMOIRS OF MONSIEUR DE BLOWTINE.  
New York: D. Appleton & Co.  
REBECCA OF SUNNTHROOP FARM. Kar-  
douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton, Mif-  
flin & Co.  
THE HUNTING OF THE SNARK, AND OTHER  
RHYMES AND VERSES. Lewis Carroll.  
Illustrated by Peter Newell. New York:  
The Macmillan Co.  
A LISTENER IN BABEEL. Vida D. Seund-

THE BEATRICE BOOK. Ralph Harold Breyer. New York: John Lane. The Bodley Head.

GEE BOY. Cyrus Lauron Hooper. New York: John Lane. The Bodley Head.

GERMAN COMPOSITION. Mack Dresden. New York: The American Book Company.

HETTY WESLEY. T. Quilley-Jouch. New York: The American Company.

IN OLD PLANTATION DAYS. Paul Laurence Dunbar. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

LITTLE JOAN. John Strange Winter. Philadelphia: The American Book Company.

A CHECKED LOVE AFFAIR. Paul Leicester Ford. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

TWO LITTLE SAVAGES. Ernest Thompson Seton. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

SHIP THE HUSSEIATERS. Harrie Dickens. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

THE CASTLE OF TWILIGHT. Margaret Horton

## Some Practical Morals for Everyday People.

"Why do you sit here," she asked, "looking like beanstalks after frost?"

"No," said the man, "but he thought how his eyes were failing and he could hardly see to do his work, and he must starve or go to the almshouse; and when he was talking she bustled about the room, drawing water, and rummaging through the clothes in the drawer of the dressing-room."

When he had finished talking, "My alive," she said, "your windows are dirty that is all the matter."

"So she washed the windows."

"There!" she said, and went about her business.

"'Dear me!' said the man, 'how tawdry hurts my eyes! They must be weaker than I thought.'"

The fables are all brief, two or three pages at most, and in nearly all of them there is a satirical touch like that in one just quoted. The book is daintily printed and bound, with appropriate illustrations and initial work, and should make an acceptable gift-book for a child or young girl, or, in fact, for grown-ups who like their philosophy carnal (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)

author "The Elated Trail." Several authors have been led to write their opinions of book reviews, which, of course, are mostly unfavorable. The

## A STORY

"REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM," the latest story of Kate Douglas Wiggin, is likely to attract more attention than anything else she has written since "Timothy's Quest." The heroine is a little New England girl with a strain of Spanish blood—one of those tropical creatures of sunlight and dew who are found now and then in New England towns, without any of the foreign ancestry which Mrs. Wiggin has thought it necessary to introduce as an explanation.

Those who read "Half a Dozen Housekeepers," Mrs. Wiggin's earliest book for girls, either in its old or new edition will remember the two Sawyer maid-ladies of "the brick house." Rebecca and their niece, invited to come to them to

paper on "Men and Issues of the New York City Campaign," by Ervin Warshawman, illustrated with many portraits.

## PLAY OF NEW ENGLAND

A story of three or four years on account of the "school privileges." The contrast between the vivid little creature's personality and the staid customs of the village is made most interesting, and Rebecca herself is wholly charming. The letters to the chapter in which she "represents the family" at the miscellaneous meetings, and the later ones in which her life at the "academy" is described. Mrs. Wiggin's quick imagination and faculty of telling a story cannot fail to render her quite a theme interesting.

In her description of New England life, however, she falls utterly to comprehend its characteristic features, and too many people do who are out of touch and sympathy with it. She overdraws the reserve of the two aunts and

Delaney. Among the illustrations are portraits of Stewart Edward White and Paul du Chailly.

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cago. A. C. McClurg & Co.  
 THE STAR PAIRIES. Edith Odgen Harrison  
 Illustrated. Chicago: A. C. McClurg &  
 Co.  
 A NEW SCHOOL MANAGEMENT. Levi Suley  
 New York: Hinds & Noble.  
 THE FLEET IN THE SQUARE. Baldwin Sear  
 New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.  
 PIONEER SPANIARDS IN NORTH AMERICA.  
 William Henry Johnson. Boston: Little  
 Brown & Co.  
 A LIEUTENANT UNDER WASHINGTON. Ev  
 crett T. Tomlinson. Boston: Houghton  
 Mifflin Co.  
 THE LIFE OF SIMON STERNE. New York  
 The Macmillan Company.  
 THE INDIANS OF THE PAINTED DESERT  
 REGION. George Wharton James. Illus  
 trated from Photographs. Boston: Little  
 Brown & Co.  
 THE TORCH. Herbert M. Hopkins. Indian  
 apolis: The Book Concern Company.  
 THE BOSS. Alfred Henry Lewis. New York  
 A. S. Barnes & Co.  
 TENNESSEE TODD. G. W. Ogden. New York  
 A. S. Barnes & Co.  
 PLAYERS AND SEEN. A Scrap Book. New  
 York: Dodd, Mead & Co.  
 BUTTERNUT JONES. Tilden Tilford. New  
 York: D. Appleton & Co.  
 TALKING WITH THE DEAD. ST. HELENA  
 General Baron Gourgaud. Translated by  
 Elizabeth Wornley Latimer. Chicago: A. C.  
 McClurg & Co.

EBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK | a stay of three or four years on account of gossip of the village; she takes neces-  
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